

## Life

We are born; we laugh; we weep;  
We love; we droop; we die!  
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?  
Why do we live or die?  
Who knows that secret deep?  
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
Unseen by human eye?  
Why do the radiant seasons bring  
Sweet things that quickly fly?  
Why do our fond hearts cling  
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;  
We fight—and fly;  
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,  
Stone dead we lie,  
O life! is all thy song  
"Endure and die?"

—Bryan Waller Procter.

# HER WOMAN'S WIT

BY M. FREDERICKSON-JABIN

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"I reckon I've cured you of your contrariness for good and all," cried Farmer Haines, swinging in at the kitchen door, standing an old shot gun behind the stove and scowling fiercely as he took his accustomed seat at table. His blazing eyes challenged those of a slender girl engaged in emptying the steaming contents of several pots into a line of waiting dishes.

"Why, father, what have you done?" The girl's hand went up as if she felt a clutch at her pretty throat and her eyes flashed back a look of defiance not unmixed with fear. "If you have killed him, finish your mad work and shoot me, too!" she cried, dropping a saucepan and rushing for the door. The old man turned to stop her, but, even as his arm was raised, the door flew open and a young man, ministerially garbed and very much out of breath, nervously dabbing at his chubby face with a large silk handkerchief, entered precipitately and confronted the young woman.

"Dora Haines!" he gasped, "you look all worked up. What's the matter? I thought I heard—"

"Ask father—he knows," faltered Dora, breaking from the affectionate grasp of the Reverend Giles Faxon and flying down the pathway leading to the road.

"What—what's happened?" asked the parson, seating himself and gaz-



"If you have killed him, shoot me, too!"

ing with impatient curiosity at the stalwart Haines, as he proceeded to transfer his dinner from the stove to the table. "What—what's Dora so put out about? I thought I heard—"

"You heard nothing," declared the farmer, pausing to level a warning

finger at the preacher, "do you understand? You heard nothing!"

"But I certainly—"

Haines in one stride was at the other's elbow. His great fist was within an inch of the reverend nose. "You shut up and let me talk," he hissed. "That Barker fellow has been snooping around here again contrary to my orders. He's after my Dora, and she—the ninny—loves him. Hear that? Loves him!"

"But Barker's a forger—I thought he had left the country."

"Will you be quiet? Dora would have run away with him if I hadn't kept my eye skinned. I warned him that the next time he came around I'd put shot into him, and I guess I've kept my word."

"Oh, I trust you haven't—"

"Never you mind. You've heard nothing and you want to let that stick in your memory or you may come to harm. If you have any idea of marrying my daughter, mind what I'm telling you."

"Was Dora going to him when I came in?"

"Go and see, for all I care—but remember—you heard no shooting."

The Reverend Giles Faxon, in anything but a happy frame of mind, left the house. Several farm hands were coming in from the fields to dinner. His first impulse was to inquire of them as to Barker and the shooting, but he remembered Haines' warning and let them pass unquestioned.

"Perhaps he is lying wounded down there by the creek," he thought, "perhaps—oh, God—perhaps Haines killed him—and it is all my fault. I will go and see. Dora, if she expected him, may be there before me."

Less than half an hour had elapsed since Faxon, on his way afoot from his school to dine with Haines and his daughter, had heard high words from a clump of trees near the creek by the roadside—words, followed by the report of a gun. He had distinguished the voices but, being of a timid nature, had hastened his steps toward the farm house, not pausing to inquire into the cause or effect of the strange occurrence.

Arriving at a little bridge that spanned the creek, Faxon, leaving the road, tremblingly plunged into the underbrush, calling: "Dora! Dora! Where are you, Dora?"

There was no answer and the young clergyman floundered around for several minutes without observing any sign of a scuffle. Suddenly he heard a voice and, guided by the sound, soon came upon Dora Haines kneeling beside the prostrate form of a man. Dora appeared not to notice Faxon who, as soon as his eyes fell upon his rival's face against the girl's heart, cried out:

"How can you, Dora? He is a felon

—he who forged old man Cotton's name—the man whose arrest is worth five hundred dollars."

Dora turned upon him with scorn in her beautiful eyes. "He is innocent!" she cried. Barker stirred and the farmer's daughter again gave him her attention, calling him by endearing names—names the Reverend Faxon had never before heard from her lips. A sigh escaped Dora's lover and suddenly he sat up, looking longingly into the girl's eyes and then letting his gaze wander to the surprised countenance of the parson. "Dora knows I'm innocent," he said, and then something like a smile brightened his handsome features—a smile of triumph. Faxon made a move as if to withdraw.

"Not yet!" cried Barker, and there was strength in his voice. "Stay!"—and Barker's hand was raised. In it he held a shining revolver. "Dora's father told me, before this little forging incident, that she loved you, so when you stooped to forge another's name and further stooped to accuse me—old Cotton's clerk—for love of her, believing that she really loved you, I let it appear that I left the country. But I was not very far away. One night I stole to Dora's window to say good-by, and learned from her lips that her heart was mine. Her father interrupted us and, believing the lie you spread concerning me would have held me to claim the reward, Dora pleaded for my liberty and her father let me go, threatening to shoot me should I again be seen on his place. To-day I came to expose you and to take Dora away as my wife. I managed to send her a message to meet me here, but her father saw me and kept his promise



"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded!"

As for you—you will soon change your ministerial garb for a striped suit."

"You can prove nothing."

"That will come later; just now you have work to do—the last task you will perform as a clergyman, I think for some time—marry us!"

The Reverend Giles Faxon trembled, hesitated and stuttered. Dora hid her face on her lover's shoulder. The point of Barker's pistol rose a trifle and—Faxon did his duty.

"Will he live?" asked Faxon, for Dora and Barker were very silent following the strange ceremony and the clergyman feared—or did he hope?—that his victim might be passing beyond the power to accuse him to the world.

"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded," cried Barker, springing to his feet.

"Why—why, I thought you were badly wounded," declared the Reverend Giles Faxon.

"He would have been," said Dora, nestling close in her lover's arms, "had I not thought to put blank cartridges in father's gun."

### Alaska Gold Production.

The gold production of the entire Alaskan district for the present year is estimated at \$26,000,000.

### BIRD LIGHTED STREET LAMP.

#### Simple Solution of Incident That Puzzled Authorities.

In a suburban town, where the streets are lighted by gas lamps, a curious thing happened. A gentleman noticed that for several nights the gas was not lighted in front of his house and reported the matter to the gas company. The lamp-lighter who had the street in charge was sure that he had lighted it each night. Later the gentleman noticed that the lamp was often lighted through the day and decided that some mischievous boy was responsible for it. Keeping a close watch for the offender, he was astonished to see the light flash up when not a soul was near it. He placed a ladder against the post and climbed up to investigate the matter. He found that the two chains which turned the light on and off moved so easily that the slightest touch was sufficient to send them up or down. But they could not move of their own weight nor by the wind. Still more puzzled, the man returned to his watch at a discreet distance and was soon rewarded by seeing a wren fly to the lamp, perch itself on the ring at the end of the chain, and give it a pull which lighted the gas. He then remembered that a wren had reared a brood in the lamp that year.

### Newest Style of Lighthouse.

The Ram Island ledge (Maine) lighthouse, now practically finished, will,



### Ram Island Ledge Lighthouse.

It is claimed, be the best in the world of its class. The appropriation was \$166,000.

The tower is of hewn stone, and the exterior is nearly as smooth as marble. It is lined with white enamel tiling, and the interior is finished in quartered oak of the finest quality. The glass is diamond shaped. The lantern is of bronze, cost \$10,000, and the salt air will have no effect upon it. The \$7,000 lens for the lamp was made in Paris.

The photograph shows the tower as it looked just before the staging was removed.

Seven men are at work on the interior.

The light will be of the third order, and will be a flash. The lighthouse is as firm as the great rock on which it stands. It will be of the greatest possible advantage to all masters of vessels entering or leaving Portland.

### Wood Cut During Coal Strike.

The last of the wood that the city cut several years ago around Woodward pond and hauled into Keene, N. H., at the time of the coal strike, is now being burned at the fire station and at city hall.

### Potatoes.



New York, Wisconsin, Michigan and Pennsylvania lead all states in the production of potatoes. Diagram shows relative production in millions of bushels.